

THE CRESCENT MOON. CANADIAN PRAIRIES
verse Moose Jaw, Sask., Prairie
Poetry Club. Issue, no. 1, Autumn,
1934. Quarterly.

Rutherford

on

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**CANADIAN PRAIRIES
VERSE**

UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

So you would write of love, poor fool,
And from a sage would seek a rule?

And you would also write of life—
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Its clanging clamour, dusty strife?

If you would write of love, go give it;
If you would write of life, go live it!

—Paul Roberts.

Issued Quarterly

Issue No. 1

Autumn, 1934

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no. 1

1934



The Crescent Moon

CANADIAN PRAIRIES VERSE

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Issued Quarterly
Issue No. 1 Autumn, 1934

FOREWORD

As long as the prairies last, the beauty of them will be told in poetry and song.

The sweep of the far horizons, the mirage quivering against the sky-line, the gold of ripened wheat, but most of all will be sung forever, the happy optimism of prairie folk, their steady endurance in the face of hardship, the quiet grit that carries them along.

I am proud to be numbered among her pioneers.

"If you are prairie bred
There seems to be
A sort of fellowship
That speaks to me."

—Edna Jaques.

INTRODUCTORY

No claim is made, on behalf of this publication, that it is representative of any one class of verse. Let it rather be regarded as a reflection of the daily thoughts, in verse, of our Canadian prairie people. Roughly, the selections herein may be classified as imaginative, nature lore, sea lore, religious, child lore, lyric and miscellaneous, introducing, we hope, something of interest to readers of many varied tastes.

The publishers feel justly pleased with the excellence of most of the matter submitted by contributors, and trust that sufficient material will be sent in to permit of another volume being issued in about three months' time. Any suggestions or criticisms will be welcomed, with a view to bettering future issues. Let us know what you think of it.

The contributors to the present volume have been duly entered as members of the Prairie Poetry Club and stand to share in any profits which may accrue from sales. Others on the prairies who may wish to join the Club are invited to communicate with the publishers for particulars.

Contributors owe it to the Club, and to the prairie country which they aim to represent, to endeavor to put their best efforts into their work. Some of the contributions submitted were of such a high standard of versification as to need little or no editing. Others showed a real poetic spirit, but sometimes very faulty versification. When a writer undertakes to write a verse, say, to an iambic tetrameter meter, and suddenly inserts a line of trochees of a different length, he hereby creates a problem for ye editor. We would suggest to would-be verse writers who have not had the advantage of training, that they endeavor to obtain information on verse writing wherever possible. Most public libraries contain valuable reference works along this line: Ker's Lectures, English Poetry, by Gayley and Young, and many other works on the subject may be found on library shelves.

Contributors to this issue represent such widely scattered places as Edmonton, Red Deer, Saskatoon,

Moose Jaw, Regina, Weyburn and The Pas, and many smaller intervening points, and it is significant that some of the best written productions came from the smaller places.

—Editor.

NOTE

On page 29 appear verses entitled "Crescent Park." The author has under consideration a plan to have these set to music and the music printed in the next issue of The Moon, and desires to know what the Club members think of the proposal.

In addition, the author is asking for suggestions for a more suitable name for the song. While the verses were written about one particular park, he feels that a name without local import might be more suitable, and is offering a small prize for an acceptable name. The offer is open to Club members only.

—Editor.

The Crescent Moon

QUARTERLY

Issue No. 1

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CONTENTS

	Page
Advice to a Poet—Paul Roberts.....	Cover
Prairie Lands—Mildred V. Thornton.....	1
The Gardener—V. Bruce Chilton.....	2
The Storm—V. Bruce Chilton.....	2
Hilltop—Mary Gertrude Murray.....	3
Call of the Prairies—Mildred V. Thornton.....	4
Anility—Paul Roberts.....	5
Design—V. Bruce Chilton.....	5
South Wind—V. Bruce Chilton.....	6
Tiger Lilies—Katharine Greene.....	6
Childhood Memories—V. Bruce Chilton.....	7
Sea Fancy—Mary Gertrude Murray.....	8
Inlander—Paul Roberts.....	9
Sea Thoughts—V. Bruce Chilton.....	9
Memories—V. Bruce Chilton.....	9
Three Character Sketches—Paul Roberts.....	10
Cathedral—Katharine Greene.....	11
My Search—Franklin Forbb.....	12
Vandals—Paul Roberts.....	13
The Pullman—Katharine Greene.....	14
Without You—J. A. Housen.....	14
Ode to a Friend—Dais. M. White.....	15
Remembrance—V. Bruce Chilton.....	15
Inconsistency—Paul Roberts.....	16

I Would Not Care—J. A. Housen.....	16
Duo—Paul Roberts.....	17
A Convention Hymn—David L. Greene.....	17
In the Higher Spheres—V. Bruce Chilton.....	18
Teach Me Thy Will—Mrs. J. A. Smith.....	19
The Temple of God—Mary Gertrude Murray.....	19
The Children's Plea—V. Bruce Chilton.....	20
Our Nurse—J. A. Housen.....	20
Mary's Imagination—F. H. Hyde.....	21
Friendly Moon—M. M. Duncan.....	22
Spring—Frances W. Greene.....	23
Qu'Appelle—Mildred V. Thornton.....	23
Moonlight in Minnewanka—Margaret W. Yates.....	24
My English Home—F. H. Hyde.....	25
Indian Summer—Lillian McBride.....	26
Evensong—V. Bruce Chilton.....	27
Portrait of a Pioneer—Lillian McBride.....	27
Hard Times—J. A. Housen.....	28
A Few More Dawns—V. Bruce Chilton.....	28
Crescent Park—Franklin Forbb.....	29
Wisdom—Paul Roberts.....	29
Nocturne—V. Bruce Chilton.....	30
Nirvana—V. Bruce Chilton.....	30
Song—V. Bruce Chilton.....	31
I Beg to Be Excused—Paul Roberts.....	32

PRAIRIE LANDS

There's something stark and bold and sear
About the sweeping prairie lands,
And sad and infinitely dear
Their gleaming gold and purple bands.

Like timeless tides upon the sea
Of life, they seem to ebb and flow;
On amber waves they carry me,
In memory, past the sun's red glow.

For some are green and some are gold,
And guiltless of the touch of man,
And some are gray and sad and old,
And weary of the years' long span.

Beholding their immensity,
Too vastly wide for petty strife,
Pride shrinks within the soul of me,
Or strips me, like a pruning knife.

Far out across the rolling miles
God writes, in fingers dipt in blood
Of bygone years, their griefs and smiles,
Who loved the land and understood.

For puny faith and fainting hearts
There is no room upon the plains.
Women and men of noble parts
There portion is, while truth remains.

—Mildred V. Thornton.



THE GARDENER

The gardener with spade and shovel goes
To bring to life the beauty of the rose.
Here, in his mind's eye, will the violets grow,
And there, the hollyhocks in stately row.
Each little flower tucked in mossy green—
These has the artist gardener plainly seen.
Sunflowers with faces turning to the sun,
Greenery, winding paths—so his dreams run.
What tho' the winds of spring are biting cold,
What tho' the gardener has grown bent and old—
After the grey days, chill with April rain,
Beauty will walk in the garden again.

—V. Bruce Chilton.

THE STORM

Low darkening clouds lie threatening in the west,
Hush'd is the cry of birds warm in the nest
And all is still:
Then, glowering like a monster threatening all,
The thunders spread along the sky's high wall,
And on the hill
The wanton wind is stayed, and cowering lies.
Home to its nest the last lone fledgling flies
With piercing wail.
The storm comes on, like flaming fiends of hell,
Splitting the sky asunder, with the yell
Of rising gale:
And winds, tormented, flee upon the storm!

—V. Bruce Chilton.



HILLTOP



I breathe the incense of the hill,
And drink the water at its feet,
The holy water, where the sun
Has paved a sparkling golden street.

My head is pillowed in the grass,
A bush of fire at my hand,
And asters blue, and golden rod
Who combs her hair across the land.

I see the wooded bluffs, that sway
Like gypsy hands, across the lake,
And ever swallows sweep their way,
And leave long shadows in their wake.

O haven of the silver birch,
Where all the dryads dance in glee;
O hilltop where the swallows play,
And leave their shadow dreams to me;

I come to listen to your songs,
And from the earth your secrets hear.
I feel your charm upon my lips,
And see your soul in water clear.

—Mary Gertrude Murray.



THE CALL OF THE PRAIRIES

Ten thousand, thousand thralléd voices cry
Inexorable beneath a prairie sky,
And never shall a single voice be heard
Unless the plains your inmost deeps have stirred
With the wild, strangely potent fascination
That binds, and holds, nor suffers deviation;
The call that issues from the lonely plain,
And lures its wandering children back again.
League after league the bounding circuits ride,
From Brandon town to the scarred mountain side.
The piercing radiance of a summer sun
Flows over purple furrows, where they run
In rolling ranks across blue undulations.
The swift cloud shadows pass beyond creation's
Rim; farther than the farthest reach of mind,
They speed and sweep the world, and swing and wind.

O, little soul, look up; catch the wonder
Of rainwashed air and swelling harvest yonder;
Drink full the wine of freedom, faith and toil,
For he who conquers here must earn his spoil.
No easy path shall try his manhood's worth,
But sweet his guerdon from the good warm earth.
Close to the soil contentment may be found;
To him who dares, this shall be holy ground.

Reflect what storied feet were wont to roam;
How "time" enriched this field; what tattooed home
Paused here by night in leisured bivouac;
Brown bodies, gay with red and green and black,
Have fought and dreamed upon this very pillow
Of prairie grass, or pungent, low wolf willow.
Or here the scarlet keepers of the law
Kept watch with faith, through heat and cold and thaw
Where heaving hummocks shield a meadowlark,
A million pounding hoofs have left their mark.
Here still, when far auroral banners loom,
The coyote wails his message to the moon,

And where his outraged spirit finds release,
Above, I hear the haunting cry of geese.
In trailing echoes from a jeweled sky,
Like disembodied souls, their ranks go by,
While nature drownses, with her beauty wrought,
And I am lost, amaze in pond'rous thought
That where the tiger lilies blossom red,
Their glow is borrowed from the blood long shed—
And here is garnered now a nation's bread.

—Mildred V. Thornton.

ANILITY

Alone in the garden the trio wait—
Three marigolds who have stayed too late,

Shivering there in the Autumn sun,
Like ancient ladies whose course is run.

"Ah, when we were young" . . . a withered one speaks.
Moisture gathers upon their cheeks. . . .

A petulant wind leaps at the three,
Scatters their petals spitefully;

And where they bloomed, in golden crowds,
The trio lie swathed in leaf-brown shrouds.

—Paul Roberts.

DESIGN

A filigree of grey against the snow
The bare trees stand,
Their gnarled trunks are bending with the blow
Of icy hand,
Unkindly dealt by winter o'er the land.

And brown birds startled from the branches fly
By waning light
In circling harmonies toward the sky.
I mark their flight,
And feel their wings beating into the night.

—V. Bruce Chilton.

SOUTH WIND

The south wind is rocking in the tree tops
Soaring on the height, melting frost below,
Singing of a springtime glad with flowers,
Quick'ning, stirs a pulse beneath the snow.
And Life, returning, hears in ripened grain
Grasshoppers chanting, feels caress of rain,
And dreams of petal'd chalices abrim
And honied fragrance dripping at the rim,
Lush growth of grass and flowers, warm earth plough'd—
So comforted, it sleeps beneath the shroud.

—V. Bruce Chilton.

TIGER LILIES

The tiger lilies are ladies gay—
(Too gay, too proud for this poor earth)-
Who lived their flaming lives of joy—
Who died, and now have second birth.

In dewy mornings, summer-born,
As through the happy fields we pass,
We see their lovely faces gleam,
All jewel-clear amid the grass.

The gods, who envy human mirth,
Laid all their gallant gladness low;
Yet, still, they find their way again
To earth, because they loved life so.

The tiger lilies are ladies bright—
(Too bravely bright for this sad earth)—
Who, in the glamour-laden days
Of June, attain to second birth.

—Katharine Greene.

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

O, there the honeysuckle calls the bee,
But I shall never walk those lanes, nor see
The glistening webs of spiders on the grass
Nor jewels of crystal dew drops as I pass
Among the flowers in the early morn.
Dear far off land! That earth where I was born.

The sun still glistens on the warming sands
Of white roads leading to enchanted lands.
There, where the brook runs swiftly cool, and trout
Within its shallow waters dart about.
Oh, nigh upon the shaded bank to lie
And see the light clouds move across the sky.

Or through the tangled briar to seek the wood
And find the furred friends searching for their food;
And smell the dank of leaves in soggy pool
Washed by the rains. I find those rain pools cool!
I pluck the purple violets where they grow
There in the dimness where the small winds blow!

'Tis there the woven winds of dawn are low
And toss the fragrant clover to and fro;
Those fields of clover where the wild bee roves,
Those gardens lush with fruits, deep apple groves—
Only in memory can I find my way
Back where the long lost children used to play.

—V. Bruce Chilton.



SEA FANCY

Creeping—creeping—o'er the sea, little waves with
foamy crests,

Stealing up upon the beach—

Little waves, whose fingers reach

For the brushwood and the shell—

Little waves, your secrets tell.

Dipping—Dipping—to and fro, silver caps upon your
heads,

Sea-green gowns and jewelled gems

Twinkling in the sea-weed hems,

Fairy children of the sea,

Sing your sea-side songs to me.

I have seen the ocean smile on the bosom of a shell.

Little rainbow shallops they,

Iris-like upon the spray,

And the painter of their cheek

I, in sea caves deep, would seek.

Dancing—dancing—like a fay, in a palace does she dwell.

Maiden in a sea-weed gown,

With the kelpies dancing round.

Little waves, come, tell to me,

Where this beautiful maid might be.

Shall I ride into the sea, where the waves are deep and
blue,

Slip into their arms and fall

Down upon her palace wall,

Follow you in through her door,

There to dwell for ever more?

Creeping—singing—sad and sweet, little waves with
foamy crests,

Stealing up upon the beach,

Clasping me within your reach,

Draw me swiftly home with you

To the maiden in the blue.

—Mary Gertrude Murray.



INLANDER

They sailed their ships to many a foreign shore
My lusty forbears, stalwart, venturesome;
They loved the changeful sea, and learned her lore
Ere they embarked on that last voyage home.

All my dull years are spent in common toil;
Yet there are times when, like a thing accurst,
I stand, resentful, on the solid soil,
Feeling my heart reach out till it must burst
With fevered longing for the sea, and ships,
And bitter spray of salt upon my lips.

—Paul Roberts.

SEA THOUGHTS

Swiftly night is falling, the dusk descends, the sea
Rising up before me out of darkness, sings to me;
Sings a song of courage, an endless song of Life,
Of souls of men who lived and died—joys and tears
and strife.

The surge and ebb of mighty tide, the roaring, living sea,
Awakens newborn living things, responses warm in me;
Recalls an inner pulse of life, an ecstasy sets free
That, birdlike, rises winging—singing ecstasies to Thee.

—V. Bruce Chilton.

MEMORIES

O, to hear the humming bees
And low winds among the trees
Softly blow, come and go!

Down the dim and wooded lane
We two, walking in the rain
Used to go long ago.

Dripping lilacs on the bush
And the sound of woodland thrush
In the rain, brings again

You, who know these ways no more,
You, a dream, at memories' door,
Tip-tapping in the rain.

—V. Bruce Chilton.

THREE CHARACTER SKETCHES

I.

A CLOWN REACHES HEAVEN

Angels will all be mirthful,
Saints shout unholy glee;
Severe archangels try to quell
Their risibility;
Incorrigible cherubs,
And shining seraphim
Will rock with wicked laughter
Until their eyes grow dim,
To see his painted mouthings
Of a celestial hymn.

II.

THE SENSITIVE SOUL

One must walk as still as mice
Round each jaundiced prejudice,
 Treasured by his kind;
One must walk as if on eggs;
Very wearying to the legs—
 Maddening to the mind.

III.

FRAGILITY

He drew his white garments aside
From beggar and thief,

And cherished with simpering pride
His egg-shell belief.

But his robe became shabby and gray,
As he journeyed along,
Where he clutched it to draw it away
From the touch of the throng;

And his self-righteous creed wore so thin
In the rarified air,
That the hint of one lovable sin
Destroyed the affair.

—Paul Roberts.

CATHEDRAL

(“Architecture is music in space—as it were frozen music.”—Schelling).

As faint, far music, sounding in the night—
As the first drops of cool, refreshing rain
After deep drought, to longing heart and brain—
So these chaste towers, to our tired sight.

We, who are weary of the parchéd plain—
Of burning skies, and leagues of marching road.
Behold their still, gray beauty, and the load
Of living lifts, and we have rest again.

Our thanks to ye, who wrought the gracious plan—
Laid the line true, and traced in stone the dream,
That, through the barrenness of years, this gleam
Of loveliness might still remain for man.

—Katharine Greene.



MY SEARCH



I sought it in Acadia's greening glades,
With apple blossoms scenting all the air.
Serene Atlantic's mild, dulce-laden breath
Combined with robins' calls to woo me there.

I sought it still, by Hudson's frosting main,
With snows the background, to a North wind's song.
Gay Borealis danced my igloo 'round—
Young stars, east-rising, pushed the night along.

I sought it by Columbia's mountain flank,
With crags above; below, a valley green.
With bathers splashing, while Pacific smiled,
Effusive Nature sprayed a stirring scene.

I sought it 'mongst sophistication's haunts,
Where sated ladies played their royal role;
With grandeur, etched on canopy and walls,
And Hart House lyrics dragging at my soul.

I wandered . . . Home. Behold! A tiny close,
A sea of fowls, a maid in gingham neat.
One furry chick, throned in her feeding pan,
Pecked at her thumb, on swaying, baby feet;
Her hand, her eyes, her soul caressing it—
My perfect theme! Life's Symphony, complete!

—Franklin Forbb.

VANDALS

Is life a quest
For the Holy Grail,
Or only a jest
With a sting in its tail?

Is friendship a fane—
A Temple of Good—
Or only a vain
Chimeric mood?

Is love an enriching
Cloak to wear,
Or only an itching
Shirt of hair?

I questioned in vain,
For nò one spoke,
But they shattered the fane,
Despoiled the cloak,

And sneered at the quest
For the Holy Grail;
So I laugh at the jest
With the sting in its tail.

—Paul Roberts.

THE PULLMAN

Dark lines of curtains
Swaying, swaying;
A tremulous light;
Turmoil of wheels
Rushing—rushing—
Bearing us
Into the night.

Chance-herded hither
Human hearts—
Sorrowing, rejoicing.

Like to our souls,
Each in its cell
Of silence;
Together,
Yet forever separate;
Time,
Rushing—rushing—
Bearing us
Into eternity.

—Katharine Greene.

WITHOUT YOU

This world would be,
An empty one to me;
No beauty could I see
In man, sky, earth or tree;
I could not of my bounty give,
I would not longer want to live,
Without you!

—J. A. Housen.

ODE TO A FRIEND

You and I were friends, dear,
In the years of long ago.
I cherished the grip of your hand, dear,
Because I loved you so.
Time has changed our lives, dear,
But still I would have you know
I love you yet.

Our meeting was strange, yet needful—
Perhaps ordained by God.
For we were perfect strangers
On a distant, lonely sod.
And since, in close companionship,
The life-road we have trod—
My friend so dear.

Twenty years have passed, yea,
And we have both been true.
Tho' strife be still around us,
It cannot touch us two.
For I shall think of yesterday
And dreams are sweet of you,
My cherished friend.

—Dais. M. White.

REMEMBRANCE

To think of you is to remember spring:
A space of time when life was hushed; then grew
In loud'ning rythm to the joyous thing
Called consciousness—so sang my heart for you,
And knew a beauty tenderly unfold:
A secret magic dwell in you, my guest;
Entwine itself thro' all, a thread of gold,
And glowing as a jewel on nature's breast;
And heard a singing of all things that be—
Such happiness remembrance brings to me.

—V. Bruce Chilton.

INCONSISTENCY

Love is such a brief emotion;
Just an unimportant phase,
Making hideous commotion
Of our youthful nights and days.

Love is only infants' prattle—
(Older folks make wiser choice)
Satiating tittle-tattle—
Listen! Did I hear his voice?

Love is a synthetic glory.
(Wisdom comes to us with age).
Brief and trivial is his story—
Hurry, Love, and find the page!
—Paul Roberts.

I WOULD NOT CARE

I would not care—
If all your troubles I had to share;
If I hadn't enough to eat nor drink;
If I hadn't the time to think;
If I only could be with you.

I would not care—
If my old friends had forsaken me;
If, to their lives they had stolen my key;
If the sun never shone, nor the skies were
blue,
I would still be happy, happy,
If I only could be with you.
—J. A. Housen.

DUO

I hold two thoughts
Within my mind,
And one is cruel,
One is kind.

I loose them both.
They meet—they strive!
God save my loving
Thought alive!

I call and call
The cruel one;
It does not heed
My wheedling tone

But spills its venom,
As it speeds,
Upon the other's
Fragrant deeds.

I hold two thoughts.
God let them merge
Into one gracious,
Kindly urge.

—Paul Roberts.

A CONVENTION HYMN

O God, Whose Presence dear we feel,
When we, believing, seek;
Throughout these days Thyself reveal,
And to Thy people speak.

O Thou, Who didst Thy children form,
Remake us, we implore;
Our souls renew, our spirits warm,
Our bodies, worn, restore.

O Christ, Who hast Thy servants taught
Eternal truth to love,
Inform our minds, enrich our thought,
Our ignorance remove.

O Father, help us to commune
With Thee in silent prayer;
We would with Thee our hearts attune,
Our aspirations share.

O Holy Spirit, by Whose power
Men strive to do Thy will,
Impelling gifts upon us shower;
With inspiration fill.

O Triune God, Whose love contrives
To show how love can give;
Help us to consecrate our lives;
May we more nobly live.

—David L. Greene.

IN THE HIGHER SPHERES

O, beyond the touch of the pulse of Time,
Beyond this sphere of light and air,
We pass within the circle of Thy love
And know the power of Thee there.
The flower loves the radiance of the sun
And hungering, seeks life's source from birth;
We, yearning too, lift up our hearts to Thee
And seek a rarer air than earth,
An air, in which our dreams take form and be
A throbbing glad reality;
A place, where earth worn garments all are shed.
Beggars we seem no more to be,
But lovers, loving at a feast of love
And raising brimming cups to Thee
Who lived a dream that was more real than Life,
And conquered Thy Gathsemane.

—V. Bruce Chilton.

TEACH ME THY WILL

Teach me Thy will, the duty that is nearest.
Make clearer, here, the work Thou hast for me,
And in this work of loving consecration
May I be given the Light that leads to Thee.

Teach me Thy will; let all of earth be brighter
Because of what this work has meant to me.
And in Thy love, let all my work for others
Be seen as Thine for them, and thus for Thee.

Teach me Thy will; if not as I would have it,
Let it but lead into Thy way for me
And in Thy loving grace and benediction
May I be given the hope of pleasing Thee.

Teach me Thy will. In it I see the answer
To all these weary, lonely days. To be
Within the reach of those who seem to need me,
Will bring me peace, and joy, and rest in Thee.

—Mrs. J. A. Smith.

THE TEMPLE OF GOD

There is a temple in the evening sky,
A holy place where angels fold their wings
And bow their radiant heads in reverence,
And God rides forth upon the rising moon.

I sit and watch the tapers twinkle tall,
And little feeling fingers fan my brow.
The vesper birds their music fold about
And wrap me in a cloak of holiness.

The windows of the temple open wide,
And from within there falls a sacred hymn.
'Tis but a fragment of an angel's song,
But it is as the love of God to me.

I fold my hands and lift my face on high,
And feel my cloak about me drawing near—

God smiles and puts His hand upon my head,
The temple door swings back. The hour is o'er.

—Mary Gertrude Murray.

THE CHILDREN'S PLEA

Teach us, dear God, to look to Thee
For all that we may hope to be.
Make conscious not of any race—
But beings of a time and place;
And each gift humbly bring to Thee
That we may of ourselves be free.
Give us vision that we may see
The right, through all the years to be
When we are grown, and take our place.
Let us not boast. O, grant us grace
To love all men who walk the earth
And not to mock another's worth;
Justice to all in spite of law—
Rules of men have many a flaw;
And Truth enshrined, a shining light
That we may never fear the night.
Give us strength that ideals may be
The only glad reality.

—V. Bruce Chilton.

OUR NURSE

Pure as a lily,
Sweet as a rose;
Her company a pleasure,
As everyone knows.

Gentle in manner,
Quiet and rare;
Causes no flurry
Giving us care.

Likes reading verses
Or anything fine;
'Tis a pleasure to have her
For your nurse and mine.

—J. A. Housen.

MARY'S IMAGINATION

Young Mary Brown, one summer day,
Was sent into the yard to play;
This little maid, just four years old,
Was bright as newly-minted gold;
And sweet and lovely in her ways,
And joy and laughter filled her days.
And yet her parents sadly grieved,
Because they thought their child deceived
And told them lies. 'Twas no such thing,
But merely her imagining.

To her "pretend things" were real
As those that she could see and feel.
Her dolls and toys could change their guise,
Just in the twinkling of one's eyes.
And oft she'd tell weird stories, too,
And solemnly affirm them true.

This day, while in the yard at play,
The neighbour's dog, across the way,
Came bounding into Mary's sight;
She looked at it with much afright,
Then rushed into the house and cried,
"A great big lion's just outside."

Her mother said, "You know right well
No lions in our country dwell;
Another lie you've told to me,
And this time you must punished be.
Go to your room, and there you'll stay.
Ask God to take your sins away."

Obediently Mary went,

Although quite sure no wrong she'd meant.
Some time elapsed ere she returned.
Her mother, hoping she had learned
The needed lesson, questioned her:
"Well, Mary, did you say a prayer?"

Mary replied in accents clear,
"God said to me, 'Miss Brown, My dear,
You need not fret, for I, like you,
Thought that dog was a lion, too!'"

—F. H. Hyde.

FRIENDLY MOON

Each night I'm sent away to bed
As soon as evening shadows fall.
But, though I close my eyelids tight,
I'm really not asleep at all,
Because I know it won't be long
Until the moon comes up the sky,
And then our secrets we can share—
The great, big, yellow moon, and I.
I tell it what I've done all day,
And ask it lots of questions, too.
For it looks wise, an' 'splains them all,
And doesn't laugh, like big folks do.
But when I asked it why it was
That it was shining in the sky,
It only smiled a secret smile,
And wouldn't even tell me why.
But I know God keeps watch each night
Over the sleeping earth below,
And so He made the moon, I know,
To be His lantern in the sky.

—M. M. Duncan.

SPRING

Oh, how I wish that spring would come
With all its pretty things;
Green trees, bright flowers and shady paths
This merry season brings.

The smiling sun comes back again
To greet us all each day;
The tiny streamlets travel fast
And chatter on their way.

The sky above is ocean blue,
Within it white clouds lie;
The birds sing gaily in the trees,
While butterflies flit by.

I think the spring is much the best
Of all the seasons four;
I open up my heart and sing
When spring comes to my door.

—Frances W. Greene (Age 12).

QU'APPELLE

The wild wind sighs and sings and blows
Where it goes
On leaping steeds across the prairie grass;
Its flying feet
The swift leagues meet
And scatter red rose berries as they pass.

On the billowy peaks, where the long days rest
Their purple crest,
The bivouac song of the dead past falls,
O, faint and sweet,
O, far and fleet
On the whispering wind, "Qu'Appelle?" Who calls?



And I would go with the wild west wind,
Nor look behind.
As it sweeps the sleepy valley through,
From grey steep walls
An echo falls,
And it's singing ever and aye of you.
Who calls? Who calls; but the sad Qu'Appelle?
The tall hills swell
Where they guard the silent valley.
Who calls but thee
To the soul of me,
On the west winds' wild reveille.

—Mildred V. Thornton.

MOONLIGHT IN MINNEWANKA

First the dark!
And then, a gentle glow, exquisite, soft,
Steals across the waiting sky,
Bathes the sombre peaks with beauty,
Weaving mystic shadows in the snow.
Sweetly it glides on heavenly mission,
Touching the crags with tenderness,
Smoothing the hardness from
Their rugged faces, and passing,
Leaves them chastened.
Now, the trees lift beckoning arms—
Receive this vision to themselves,
And lo, it fades away!
While yet the heart is filled
With wonder at such beauty,
Behold, it re-appears, to disappear
And re-appear again, forming
Fantastic shapes and lovely elfin groves.
At last, grown weary of capriciousness,
It creeps into the valley,
Filling the glades with radiance.
Silently it comes, and stoops with love
To kiss the sleeping bosom of the lake.

—Margaret W. Yates.

MY ENGLISH HOME

My English home! so far away,
Thousands of miles across the foam,—
I loved thee so! and little thought
That e'er in far-off lands I'd roam.

I loved thee so in all thy moods,
E'en winter's snow, and short, cold days,
And merry evenings that we spent
In lamplight glow, and fire's blaze.

On autumn days I loved to rove
All through thy woods and copses bare,
Where leaves and nuts fell shivering down,
And scent of woodfires filled the air.

Long summer days were full of joys,
The gentle zephyrs waved the trees;
The air was sweet with scent of flowers
And song of birds, and hum of bees.

But oh! in Spring! no words of mine
Thy wondrous beauty could express,
Nor e'en the artist's facile brush
Truly set forth thy loveliness.

Thine orchards! fairyland of bloom—
The pink and white of apple tree,
The cheery blossom and the plum
In fancy once again I see.

A thousand perfumes fill the air,
The songs of myriad birds resound;
The primroses a carpet make,
Daisies and butterflies abound.

The rippling streams glide merrily
All through the meadows, luscious green,
And gambolling in ecstasy,
The little lambkins may be seen.

Exceeding fair in every phase,
My native land—so dear to me;
O, may it one day be my lot
Thy beauteous scenes again to see.

—F. H. Hyde.

INDIAN SUMMER

Dawn of an Indian Summer day is breaking.
Out in the east there comes a beam of light,
As though the sun is eager to be shining,
And would come forth, after the long night.

Frost has painted white, with icy fingers,
Last night's blackness, tree, and lake, and field;
But soon will come the sun, in all its glory,
And to its warm embrace, the frost will yield,

And spread before us, dressed in Autumn splendor,
Gold leaves, and fields, a golden wealth o'er all;
A soft, warm, mellow glow, on all earth casting,
Reaping a glorious harvest for men's toil.

An Indian Summer day, that comes reviving
Golden memories and hopes and dreams;
Proving the reward is worth the labor,
And life is just as wonderful as it seems.

Now fades the sun, in all its glory sinking,
As twilight curtains off its bright array.
Then darkness comes, the Northern lights grow
brighter—
A perfect ending to a perfect day.

—Lillian McBride.

EVENSONG

There's thin mist on the moon's face, gray and long,
The phantom tendrils fading into blue.
The earth is hushed by evening, wrapped in song
And soothed by heaven's cleansing tears anew.
Quiet Sleep; Enchantress! Lightly as a cloud
And swiftly come, to numb the care of day.
A balm for pain thou art, a soft caress,
A benediction fallen on frail clay.

—V. Bruce Chilton.

PORTRAIT OF A PIONEER

He sits now in the twilight of his days,
Dreaming the hours, while loved ones hover near.
Through dimming eyes and misty memory,
He sees himself again a pioneer.

In retrospect he muses o'er his life
And traverses again the lonely trails
Where, in his youth, adventure guided him
Through the unbroken wilderness and vales.

He sees his faithful partner at his side.
The figurehead of his ambitions, she
It was who, when his courage failed,
Urged him along with splendid gallantry.

He sees himself the stalwart pioneer,
With love of home; and in a fashion rude,
Plying his tools from daylight until dusk,
He builds a cabin for his little brood.

He sees the wily Indian, his foe,
Turned friend in admiration of his grit;
And in the common, bond of solitude,
Together round the white man's board they sit.

So in the dusk of life he sits content,
And muses over memories still dear;
His work well done, he's sitting now at rest—
A fitting picture of a pioneer.

—Lillian McBride.

HARD TIMES

Shout hurrah! for grim Depression!
To our lives it's made concession.
Foes are turning into friends;
Friendships old are much improved;
Petty obstacles removed;
Rich men stoop to help the poor;
Lurid pastimes no more lure.
Though it much discomfort sends—
Much that isn't over nice—
Still, 'tis worth the sacrifice!

—J. A. Housen.

A FEW MORE DAWNS

A few more dawns and sunsets, and the years will all
have flown,
For you and me together—and the love that we have
known;
The golden ball of sun will stand upon the earth's red
rim,
And buttercups will dot the grass, dew filled cups abrim;
And in the spring time when the snows melt yearning
to the earth,
The birds will sing aloud of joy, of miracles, of birth!
And yet, hereafter, what may be, we only yet may feel—
Perhaps deceive ourselves? But no, Love's miracle is
real,
And is, for us, the thing that touches close to heaven's
hems:
But, as the blind, we cannot see the glory of their gems.

—V. Bruce Chilton.

CRESCENT PARK

To one dear spot the prairies lent of all their sweeping
charm—
Their greening vales, their lambent moon, their soothing
sunset, warm;
A spot where elves drew happy plans and left, in love,
the trace,
And nature vied with man to dream a fairies' trysting
place.

Yon trestled way, where laughing lovers pause in muse
divine,
And gaze a-low on peaceful isle and sleeping serpentine;
Green terraced slope, and cooling shade whence robin's
joy-note springs,
Call wearied souls to sing once more life's song of nobler
things.

REFRAIN

Deciples dine at Beauty's feast in luring dell and sylvan
aisle;
Here angels, tempted, come to rest, and Heaven deigns
a ling'ring smile—
E'en Heaven deigns a smile.
Partaking here, with songful heart, in nature's vesper
sacrifice—
'Twere walking in a world apart—a glimpse, too soon,
of Paradise—
A glimpse of Paradise.

—Franklin Forbb.

WISDOM

The wise may know all things on earth,
Of Life and Death and the Hereafter;
But dancing fools, alive with mirth,
Will pave the Streets of Gold with laughter.

—Paul Roberts.



NOCTURNE



The night has thrown her mantle, and her stars
Come shining on us, singing from afar
Of God and holy things within His hand;
We know not what, but feeling, understand
The song that we may sing, the joy impart;
So those who ask for bread we give—a heart.
And loving (as the wild winds kiss the rose)
All things, we feel a love around us close.
Tread lightly—shake the harmony of all
By one misstep? A singing star will fall!

—V. Bruce Chilton.

NIRVANA



Even as the leaf trembles with the wind,
So am I shaken, too, when thou art near.
Even as flowers their faces sunward turn,
So I to thee am drawn—thou art so dear.
And as a shadow flees before the sun,
So have the years flown by, twixt thee and me.
Love holds no tryst with Time; only Beauty,
Flow'ring in silence, between me and thee.

—V. Bruce Chilton.

SONG

When I am still and listen, then Thy patterned lights
I see

And music of the universe will ring out clear to me.
The singing in the raindrops beating crystals on the pane,
A harmony in rainbow hues, in winds upon the plain.
O, I shall hear contentment in songs the crickets sing
And in the throaty warbling of birds upon the wing,
And in the winter, when the snows lie deep upon the
ground,

I feel an inward surging of the joy that I have found.
My lamp of happiness is lit, the flame is rising clear
And I am full of song within, Thy dwelling place is near.
The worlds and all their satellites are spinning in their
place

Aware of God; a vast and rhythmic symphony of space.
For I, who am in Time and Space so very small a thing,
Have felt the harmony of all in brown birds' beating
wing,

And in the flow of sea and in the miracle of spring!
Oh, I have known Thee beating at my heart of coarsened
clay—

In trace of tears and cry of joy; in pain of those who
pray;

And in the varied mood of winds and in the rose's face—
And through all Life Thy patterned tapestry of beauty
trace.

—V. Bruce Chilton.

I BEG TO BE EXCUSED

The trumpet sounds. With startled moans
The dead awake in blank surprise.
Longing, yet fearing, to arise,
They stretch their cramped, grave-wearied bones.

From out the oceans, drownèd ones
Creep forth, their sea-bleached frames a-tremble,
As scattered atoms re-assemble
To clothe their naked skeletons.

Must my poor flesh endure re-birth?
I close my ears to Gabriel's riot,
And sleep again, when all is quiet,
Content within the restful earth.

—Paul Roberts.



